



VOL. XV., NO. 9.

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1898.

PRICE—5 CENTS.

THE STRUGGLE AT COLUMBUS

Both Sides Charged
With Bribery.

A Sensation is Promised
Tomorrow.

Strong Resolutions Adopted by
Hanna's Supporters in Mass
Convention.

COLUMBUS, O., January 10.—Senator Hanna is believed to be short tonight one vote of election. The opposition is not sure of 73 votes for any one man as against only 72 for Hanna, but they feel confident, at least, of preventing Hanna's election.

Last night the Democratic steering committee demanded of Mr. Kurtz that he furnish at least eight affidavits to night from Republican members that they would stand with the sixty-one Democrats in voting against Hanna. The Democratic steering committee reported today they were satisfied. Representative Gayman, chairman of the house Democratic steering committee, went so far as to say that Hanna's defeat tomorrow is assured.

There is no doubt that Senator Hanna was beaten for a week previous to last Friday when Representative Manuel of Montgomery county changed his favor. On Saturday the Hanna men secured Representative Griffith of Union, but they made no concessions yesterday and today, and it is the general belief that they are short one vote tonight.

HANNA'S CHANCES.

It has been agreed by a conference committee that the balloting in the two houses will not begin until 2 p. m. tomorrow and there may be several changes in that time. The real work of the fight on both sides is being done tonight. The workers will not sleep now until after the balloting begins. There is a feeling among many of those opposing Hanna that if he is not defeated on the first ballot, or rather by the separate ballot tomorrow, that he will not be defeated at all.

The anti-Hanna workers say they had a majority of five against Hanna when they exposed their strength in organizing the legislature last Monday, and if they come down to a majority of only one against Hanna tomorrow that the coalition may not hold together for another day. While the opposition still insists on Kurtz as the candidate against Hanna, yet they say that Bushnell, Kurtz or any other one will be dropped as soon as it is demonstrated that he cannot secure all of the votes of either the anti-Hanna Republicans or the Democratic members. One of the names most prominently mentioned today was that of Representative John P. Jones, who represents Stark county, the home of President McKinley. Mr. Jones is a Republican and a prominent man in the miners' union. He is for free silver and is advocated as the labor candidate against the capitalist. While the mass convention of the Republicans this afternoon was the largest and most indignantly enthusiastic assembly ever known in this state, the doubtful Republican members of the legislature did not sit or feel it. They were closely and liberally entertained by the opposition at the Great Southern hotel during the afternoon and they are there to-night.

It is noted by some of the more conservative observers that as soon as no further changes were announced each day that the contending factions alternated in reports of bribery. The Hanna men claim to have stenographic notes of an offer of \$5000 by two prominent members of the opposition. The opposition in turn claims S. D. Hollenbeck, a member of the Republican state executive committee, went to Cincinnati Saturday with \$10,000. Representative Otis was elected on a fusion ticket in Hamilton county. He has voted with the Democrats in the organization. But it is claimed that he made friendly overtures to Hanna workers to entrap them into an offer for the purpose of exposing the same and will do so on the floor of the house. It is said that Representatives Otis will pile \$10,000 on his desk tomorrow and make a sensational speech when his name is called on the senatorial ballot. The Hanna men make a general denial of the Otis charges and say that they anticipate other dramatic performances tomorrow after the balloting begins.

STRONG RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were adopted at the mass Republican convention this afternoon:

This mass meeting of Ohio Republicans sends greetings to the people of the state of Ohio and declares that notwithstanding the verdict of the people of this state in favor of the Republican party in the November election, after a full and comprehensive discussion of all the issues involved, it has discovered that a conspiracy organized and promoted outside of the members of the general assembly, has been formed to thwart that expressed will. Designing men in the state of Ohio are making strenuous efforts, which we do not care to specify, to accomplish the accomplishment of the various purposes of this nefarious scheme.

The conspiracy contemplates and has for its ultimate purpose the transfer to the Democratic party without limitation the control of organization of the senate, and take from the regularly constituted majority of the house the control of its organization, and to carry into execution the fulfillment of the obligation assumed by him when elected as such member and,

Resolved, Finally, that we will well

as is desired by the parties to the combination. It contemplates the defeat of Hon. Marcus A. Hanna, the regularly nominated candidate of the Republican party of the state for senator of the United States, and it contemplates the sending to that body of either a free silver Republican or a Democrat pledged to stand by the interests and principles and men who elect him.

STILL FOR BIMETALLISM.

President McKinley's Sentiments are Unquestionable.

WASHINGTON, January 10.—Senator Chandler had a conference with President McKinley today upon the subject of bimetallism and he said after the interview: "The President stands firmly in favor of international bimetallism, as promised by the St. Louis platform. He considers the negotiations with the European powers only temporarily suspended on account of the peculiar conditions of affairs in India and it is the President's intention to again send his envoys to Europe as soon as the conditions are favorable for continuing negotiations."

Senator Chandler added the opinion that the President is as earnestly in favor of bimetallism, the use of both metals as standard money as the senator himself.

To Foreclose Mechanic's Lien. J. W. Stayton has sued Al Merrill and a number of Chinese to foreclose a mechanician's lien for carpenter work done on a building on lot 16, in block 50, the structure being at the corner of Tulare street and the alley running through the block designated. The amount contracted for was \$57.50, of which sum only \$2.42 was paid. The sum of \$30 is asked as a fee for James Gallagher, the plaintiff's attorney.

SHORT OF POWDER

Not Enough for a Single Naval Battle.

Uncle Sam's Warships Would Be Harmless Hulks at the Close.

CHICAGO, January 10.—A special from Washington says: Uncle Sam is short of powder for his high power guns. After his warships have all fired away the powder they have on board, which they would do in the course of a ten hours' battle, there would be left in the entire country barely enough to supply them for a thirty minutes combat.

It would take the powder mills of the United States, with their present facilities, nearly a year to produce enough powder to supply the ships for another ten hours' battle.

Such is the substance of a report made to Secretary Long by the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications, which has recommended the building of a government powder factory, by which the cost of supplying this powder could be greatly reduced.

WANT THE SPOILS

Opposition to Civil Service Reform.

Democrats Charged With Having Originated the Civil Service Law.

WASHINGTON, January 10.—The opponents of the civil service law had much the best of the debate in the house today, so far as the number of those engaged in it were concerned. Nine of the eleven speakers were of the opposition. The friends of the law are very anxious to shut off further debate, and in this will have the co-operation of Speaker Reed and the rules committee.

Mr. Moody, who has charge of the bill, gave notice that he would test the sense of the house tomorrow on a motion to close the debate. The opposition immediately sent word to all in their ranks to be on hand, and it is said they will be no difficulty in defeating the motion.

DURRANT'S REMAINS

Will Probably Be Cremated at Pasadena.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 10.—The body of Theodore Durrant still lies in the home of his parents. Under the law, it must be disposed of tomorrow or the health authorities will take charge of it.

No crematory in this neighborhood will receive it. No cemetery but one will give it shelter and the parents fear a plot to rob the grave.

The last resources lies in shipping the remains to the crematory at Pasadena, the managers of which have consented to reduce the remains to ashes.

It is believed to night that the body will be sent to Pasadena on tomorrow's southbound train.

If not, it will probably be buried in the Holy Cross cemetery and some arrangement made for guarding the tomb.

Mr. Barnum, Republican of Pennsylvania, opposed the "reform system."

He stated, he said, whether the President of the United States, members of the supreme court, senate or house could pass some of the civil service examinations.

He defended what is known as the "political pull," which he said ought to be cultivated.

Every young man should have such influence,

and if they did not have it, it was the best evidence that they were unworthy of political privilege.

He was ready to vote for the repeal of the law.

Mr. McCall, Republican of Massachusetts, was the first speaker today to defend the merit system.

In reply of some of the opponents of the system, he raised a laugh at the expense of Mr. Grosvenor, who, according to his (McCall's) calculations, wanted over 115 per cent of the officers exempted from the civil law.

Mr. Sullivan, Republican of New Hampshire, proclaimed himself a spoilt-soldier, without any mental reservation.

The civil service law, he said, had been conceived in iniquity, born in infamy

and administered in cowardice and by Democrats.

He believed the government belonged to its friends.

Mr. Sullivan's remarks were very picturesque and kept anti-reformers in continuous roar of approval.

After some further remarks Mr. Parker, Republican of New Jersey, in defense of the law and Mr. Lov of New York in favor of a modification of the law, the debate closed for the day.

At 5 o'clock the house adjourned.

Resolved, Finally, that we will well

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS

Farmers and Orchardists Pleased.

The Conditions are Generally Promising.

A Large Orange Crop Harvested in the South—Grain Doing Well.

TULARE, January 10.—The rain for the past 24 hours amounts to 50 of an inch. This is sufficient to start the grain, and the present indications for more rain give good cheer to the farmers. If it should rain one and a half inches this month, there will be a larger acreage of wheat planted here this season than for years past.

SAN DIEGO, January 10.—The rainfall up to 5 p. m. today was half an inch in the city. The storm continues tonight. The rain has been very heavy in the country. At Mesa Grande, where there are several hundred acres of grain and thousands of cattle, some two and a half inches have fallen, and six inches of rapidly melting snow lie on the ground. The same conditions practically exist all through the Santa Ynez and Ballona country, where the grain had already started up. In the Santa Maria valley, where there are upwards of 5000 acres of grain, over two inches fell, and a crop is now assured. The rainfall at Lakeport is 1½ inches, at Escondido 1½, and at all points between the precipitation was about the same.

SACRAMENTO, January 10.—Crops in this vicinity are doing well considering the long continued frosty weather which retarded the growth of grain. In some places the grain is two inches or more above ground and looks well. So far as known citrus fruits in this vicinity have not suffered from the frost. The rainfall for the season is a little over five inches, or about one-half inch less than last season to date, but grain has not suffered.

HAN JOSE, January 10.—The farmers and orchardists of Santa Clara county are greatly pleased over the crop prospects for the coming season. For wheat, hay and grain of all kinds the conditions are decidedly favorable and there will probably be an unusually large crop, as more land is being planted in grain this season than for many years past. The recent spell of cold weather gladdened the orchardists, as it may be a great benefit to fruit trees. The cold keeps the buds back, and if there is a sharp frost in the early spring the trees will probably not be far enough advanced to suffer any injury.

RIVERSIDE, January 10.—The crop conditions of this county are much more promising today than they were a week ago. The long dry spell caused grain to wait and even killed it in places, but the rain of the past week has revived what was lost and it is growing now. There is a larger acreage than last year, but a lighter crop is anticipated.

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BARTON OPERA HOUSE—H. G. BARTON, Manager.

THE KLONDIKE FARCE!

The Biggest Hit in Years!

TUESDAY, January 11th

The Real Funny Stars.

STUART ROBSON

Management of Daniel V. Arthur.

Presenting HOWARD'S Masterpiece,

"The Henrietta!"

MR. ROBSON as Bertie the Lamb.

The Company:

Mr. THOMAS A. WISE, Mr. EDWIN HOLZ, Mr. JOHN WATERS JR., Mr. GORDON STEVENS, Mr. HARRY ATKINS, Mr. J. P. KEEFE, Mr. LEWIS HAMPTON, Miss LIDA McMICHAEL, Miss OPHELIA FERRY, Miss MARGINA BROTHMAN, Miss LIDA BUTTERFIELD, Miss SADIE STONEHOUSE, Miss MARY MCGOVERN, Mr. HOWARD PRESS and Mr. STUART ROBSON.

Seats on Sale TUESDAY, January 11th.

Prices—\$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c, 25c. Only the first four rows of the parquet will be advanced to \$1.50, other parts of the house same as usual.

Fresno Planing Mill

—AND—

Furniture Factory.

Sash, Moulding, Doors, Brackets,

Window and Door Screens,

Counter, Shelving and Office Furniture

a specialty.

SOUTH 1 STREET.

W. H. HOLLENBECK, Manager.

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SANGER, CAL.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

SPRAY PUMPS,

SPRAY NOZZLES,

PRUNING SHEARS

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H. GRAFF & CO.

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Agents for SHASTA WATER.

Family Trade a Specialty.

Office 1029 J St. Tel. Blk 438

KUTNER-GOLDSTEIN COMPANY—FRESNO'S GREATEST STORE.

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CLEARANCE SALE

A GRAND SUCCESS.

The Pleased Public Bear Testimony to the Genuineness of Our Bargains. For the Second Week of Our Mammoth Sale

Prices Less Than One-Half of Former Prices.

SEEING IS BELIEVING—WE ARE THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA.

Special Notice.

Great Sight of Hand and Jugglery Performance FREE. Commencing Monday, January 10th, and for one week.

PROF. E. VERNELLO,

Prince of Jugglers and Legerdemain.

Will exhibit his marvelous feats of magic FREE in our show windows, introducing among others the great and only vanishing handkerchief trick.

REMEMBER THIS PERFORMANCE WILL BE ABSOLUTELY FREE.

SPECIAL :: SALE

—IN OUR—

Men's :: Hat :: Department

—ON—

Wednesday, January 12th.

Our entire stock of Men's and Boys' Fine Felt Hats—Fedoras, Derby's, Etc.—at a discount of 20 per cent from our regular low prices

FOR THIS DAY ONLY.

THE TIRELESS TOILERS FOR TRADE,

Kutner-Goldstein Company

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS.

FRESNO MORNING REPUBLICAN.

Published by Fresno Republican Publishing Company.

W. SHORT, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

The Great Newspaper of the San Joaquin Valley.

Marginal Circulation. The Most News.

Subscription.

Daily Republican, one year, \$1.00; co-operative, six months, by mail, 50¢; co-operative, three months, by mail, 33¢; co-operative, monthly, by mail, 10¢; co-operative, per month, by carrier, 5¢.

Weekly Republican, one year, by mail, 75¢; co-operative, six months, by mail, 50¢.

Five evening paper is trying very hard to get subscription to the Valley and with soft soap.

Rockers are not all dead yet. An old man has paid \$10 of good money to the Expositor's wife.

Our Expositor's San Francisco correspondent says that the "Octopus" has sold the new ferry depot at San Francisco. Why did not Governor Jim have Democratic harbor commission it?

Male Fitzsimmons refuses the offer of \$10,000 for a fight, the reason is inevitable that Lancy Bullock is spoiling for another go with the California. A purse of size, win or lose, will not be overlooked by a prize fighter who is not afraid of his opponent.

The Selma Irrigator expresses the opinion that the Expositor ought to be recognized. Bless your life, son, it is already widely recognized as the champion propagandist of seventeen counties. The Irrigator itself has done some recognizing of that kind. What more does it expect?

The world's output of gold for 1892 is about twenty per cent greater than that of the previous year. If the rate of increase is kept up a few years gold as the standard of money will become less satisfactory to the class which fears expansion and less objectionable to those who desire it.

INDIAN Dick, the Digger outlaw, may be a very picturesque character, but it is about time the picture were turned to the wall. Dick is making himself entirely too prominent and is not respectful in his remarks about his betters. He should be corralled and have his pneumatic talking machine punctured.

The Merced Sun is soaked in the gloomy fear that the Presidential timber available in this state is all going to be used up to make congressional candidates in this district. The newspaper with an air castles to nurture and protect is naturally in a state of chronic alarm. There is liable to be a collapse any minute.

TRUSTEE CRAYCROFT'S OFFENSE.

In its self-imposed task of holding up the Republicans of Fresno county as malefactors and unjail criminal, the Expositor announces the startling discovery that brick from the yard of Trustee Craycroft have been used by the contractor who built the new engine house on the west side. It exploits this fact as a hair-raising sensation, notwithstanding that the brick used by contractors for city work for several years past have come from the yards of either Trustee Spilney or Craycroft, for the simple reason that there is no other source of supply in the county, and for the further reason that it is not believed to be the intent of the law to debar a contractor from the privilege of buying material where he can get it the cheapest. The section of the statute bearing upon this point reads as follows:

No officer of such city shall be interested directly or indirectly in any contract with such city, or with any of the officers thereof, in their official capacity, or in doing any work, or furnishing any supplies for the use of such city or its officers in their official capacity; and any claim for compensation for work done or supplies or materials furnished in which any such officer is interested shall be void, and if audited and allowed shall not be paid by the treasurer. Any wilful violation of the provisions of this section shall be a ground for removal from office, and shall be deemed a misdemeanor and punished as such.

The purpose of this law is clearly to prevent city officers from becoming directly or indirectly interested in contracting with the city. Opinions may differ, however, as to exactly where the line shall be drawn. If it is illegal for a contractor for city work to buy material from an officer of the city, it is then a fact that the law has not been adhered to for several years past, and that if it had been, a decided hardship would have been worked to the city. Transportation charges would have been paid from some distant points upon every thousand of brick used, and the excess in cost would evidently have been considerable.

But as a matter of course the fact that the city has saved money because its contractors have used brick made in Fresno county, instead of importing them from Stockton, Oakland or some other place, casts no figure with the Expositor if it can raise a howl about some Republican in office and create the impression that corruption and robbery are the regular occupation of every official who does not happen to be in its party.

If the Expositor could show that either Trustees Spilney or Craycroft had connived at selling their brick to contractors for city work at exorbitant prices any denunciation it might make would be well deserved, but, if we believe to be true, that brick has been sold to these contractors at the lowest rates, and that the contractors have been able to save money to the city by buying them, it will not succeed in making many people believe that a great wrong has been done. Considering the fact that we other brick made in Fresno

county are obtainable, the Republican believes that the contractors have been justified in buying them and the trustees in selling them, provided they have always been sold at the lowest current price.

If the law has been technically violated, which seems doubtful, the way is open to punish the officers, and also the contractor to whom any money is due, if any body thinks it desirable to punish men for buying a home product because it cannot be obtained cheaper elsewhere.

That Trustee Craycroft has had no ax to grind in the matter of selling brick for the new engine house is fully demonstrated by the fact that he opposed its construction and endeavored to the best of his ability to prevent the city from incurring the expense of its building. The Expositor knows this fact, but in the face of it it attempts to hold the Trustees up to public scorn as a conspirator and jobber who is using his position to dishonestly get money out of the public treasury.

The Expositor is a venomous, characteristic and indecent slanderer of honest men.

ANOTHER FALSE IMPRESSION CORRECTED.

When the Bryanites descant upon the advantages that would accrue to the United States from the adoption of the silver standard he invariably tells his hearers about the great things it has done for Mexico. While he does not say outright that the Mexicans are devoted to "bimetallism," one can infer nothing else from the extravagant praise bestowed upon the Mexican system that the citizens of the southern republic would rather stop smoking cigarettes than give up the silver standard. It has already been shown that the silver standard has not done for Mexico all that its American advocates claim, and the impression that the Mexicans are deeply devoted to it is also a mistake. It has enabled capitalists, most of them foreign, to invest their money profitably, but it has not benefited the Mexicans generally. The great fluctuations in exchange that form one of the most objectionable features of the silver standard make trade precarious, and there is little doubt that the merchants down there are heartily tired of the Mexican system of finance, for which Bryan, Lane & Co. pretend to have such great admiration. That the Mexicans are not so in love with the financial system lauded by this firm is shown by the following editorial from the *Telegraph*, published in the City of Mexico:

It would be unfair to attribute the continued fall in silver, which commenced about the time of William Jennings Bryan's arrival here, to that distinguished gentleman's presence among us, but as a matter of record in the last four days the premium on gold has risen 12 per cent for New York exchange, and the price of a Mexican dollar in London has fallen one and one-half pence. But the *Telegraph* does not hesitate to state that if Mexico's silver standard is to remain it is financially strong enough that it would not hesitate to go on a gold basis. This paper hopes that Mr. Bryan has held his United States currency. If he has his will better appreciate now the value of the gold standard and robbed by footpads in Minneapolis the other night. He reported the matter to the police and says that they expressed the opinion that any British who was fool enough to go around with \$1200 in his pocket ought to be safeguarded. Mathews & Bulger have established themselves as lunch producers in all the large cities, and as the play was written with special regard to their individual

Judge Sacchetti has sentenced Otto Willig, who killed his sweetheart, to twenty-five years in the penitentiary, the jury having found him guilty of murder in the second degree. Otto pleaded that he dispatched his best girl because she had bleached her hair, and the jury was moved to mercy, considering that his provocation had been great. Therefore, instead of finding him guilty in the first degree, it returned a milder verdict.

Dr. Henry W. Button, a member of the British parliament, who is visiting in this country, was assaulted and robbed by footpads in Minneapolis the other night. He reported the matter to the police and says that they expressed the opinion that any British who was fool enough to go around with \$1200 in his pocket ought to be safeguarded. When Dr. Burton roasts Kipling in that book he is going to write after he has returned home (all English tourists write books) a resolute glow of satisfaction will illuminate the sky-line of the rival city of St. Paul.

R. M. M.

How It All Happened.

He was in doubt.

On this particular evening he made up his mind that he would reach the point where doubt ends or know the reason why.

Thus it happened that he got a little closer to her than usual when he found that they were sitting side by side on the sofa.

"Do you ever think about marriage?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

Of course that was a lie. Of course he knew that it was a lie and she knew that he knew it. Consequently she wished that she hadn't answered so hastily, but that is so customary in a woman that it should attract no attention.

Jolly, rollicking humor is always sure to reign when that nestor of American comedy, Stuart Robson, appears. Mr. Robson will appear for one night only at the Barton opera house Saturday, January 15th, when the magnificent revival of that perennially delightful comedy, "The Henrietta," will be given.

Mr. Robson is the New York's famous pantomime artist, and the author of the comedy, "The Henrietta," will be given.

If one were to enumerate the many successes which Mr. Robson has made in past years in a wide range of pieces from the most refined of modern comedy to the broadest kind of Shakespearean, it would be impossible to catalogue a single role which is so well adapted to his original and unique personality as Berlin the Lamb. One of the strong points in Mr. Robson's productions of both classical and modern comedy has invariably been in the beautiful and artistic costume of the ladies of his company. In "The Henrietta" they will wear numerously favorable opportunities for the display of their feminine taste, and the Paris gowns that they will wear during the three acts of "The Henrietta" will in themselves be an indispensible attraction.

The sale of seats begins today at the box office. Prices are advanced only in the first four rows of the purt. The balance of the house will be at general admission.

All that costs, R. M. M.

It Holds Like a Bottle.

Chas. Cluthe's "Genuine" (Pat'd) Truss.

There is only one way to buy a Truss and that is to do it right. You never have nor will you ever improve your condition by wearing an ordinary truss. Every ruptured person should examine this truss and get back to it.

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There is only one way to buy a Truss and that is to do it right. You never have nor will you ever improve your condition by wearing an ordinary truss. Every ruptured person should examine this truss and get back to it.

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RADIN & KAMP—THE WHITE FRONT STORES.

SUCCESS CROWNS OUR WONDERFUL JANUARY SALE. Price Enthusiasm Sways the Crowd.

Our motto is to do all things well. That's the secret of our brilliant record in this January Sale. Big opportunities for willing buyers is the feature of our great annual event. This year surpasses all others. Coincident with our big sale we inaugurate a series of special department sales on special days. We begin with our

Shoe Department Special

ON

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

These will be big shoe-selling days. Prices will force the trade.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE INTERESTING ITEMS

| Sale Price | Line of Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes, regular \$2 and \$3 qualities. | Sale Price | A line of Boys' Shoes, sizes 12 and 13. | Sale Price | Ladies' Bicycle Leggings. | Sale Price |
|------------|--|------------|--|------------|--|------------|
| 50c | 50c | 50c | 50c | 25c | 25c | 25c |
| 1 35 | Ladies' Fine Hand-Sewed Shoes, \$3 and \$4 qualities. | 85c | A line of Boys' Good Winter School Shoes, sizes 2 to 6. | 85c | Children's Fine Tan or Ox-Blood Shoes, sizes 8 to 11, our regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 quality. | 95c |
| 1 85 | A full line of Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes, in cloth or kid top, lace or button, all the new styles in all sizes. | 65c | Ladies' Fine Slippers, just the thing for house wear. | 65c | A beautiful line of Children's Tan or Ox-Blood Shoes, sizes 12 to 2, regular value \$1.50. | 1 10 |
| 85c | Misses' Good Calf Shoes, sizes 8 to 13, our \$1.25 grade. | 50c | Ladies' Oxford Ties, hand-turned, high-grade goods. | 50c | Boys' Shoes, All solid, Sizes 3 to 5. | 1 15 |
| 1 5c | Infants' Shoes, A dainty line. | 65c | Ladies' Oxford Ties, all sizes, in tan or black, square or round also in plain common-gosse last, former prices \$1.25 and \$1.35. | 65c | "Old Ladies' Comfort," wood-lined, either in lace or Congress, regular value \$1.50. | 1 00 |
| 35c | Infants' Fine Shoes in black or tan, bind turned and a good | 35c | Ladies' Black Over-garters. | 15c | Ladies' Black Over-garters. | 1 00 |

Let us remind you of the quality and reputation of our Shoe Department. Our entire stock is strictly first class. The wearing qualities of our shoes have earned for us a splendid reputation. These are the goods we offer you at such remarkably low prices. Of course, they form the cullings of our immense stock, and we don't claim they are the very latest styles, nor is our range of sizes quite complete, but their wearing qualities are first class and they are simply a "SNAP" to those who can be fitted. You may be one who can.

WHY NOT SEE THEM?

| Sale Price | Men's Satin Calf Shoes, our regular \$2 quality. Sale price..... | Sale Price | Men's "Police" Shoes, regular \$2.50 quality.. | Sale Price | A full line of Men's Good Calf Shoes in tan or congress, all new styles, our well known \$2.50 dress shoe. | Sale Price |
|------------|--|------------|---|------------|--|------------|
| 81 25 | \$1 25 | 81 35 | 1 50 | 1 50 | 1 85 | 1 85 |
| 1 00 | Men's Good Oil Grain Lace Shoes, all sizes..... | 1 00 | Men's fine hand turn sole Nullifiers in black or tan, our regular \$2 grade... 1 25 | | | |

The entire range of our finer shoes, including the famous Laird, Schobert & Co. high grade brand, have all been reduced during this sale. These comprise an array of Bargain Opportunities seldom to be found.

BE WISE. BE IN TIME.

If You Buy Your Shoes

From Us They're Right

Every Department is full of Bargain Surprises—telling reductions. The powerful equipment of our quality, style and price is our strong point. See Our Show Windows; they are eloquent exponents of our great bargain-giving power.

White Front Stores,
RADIN & KAMP,
1023, 1025, 1027, 1029 and 1031 I Street.

S. L. HOGUE,
Notary :- Public
AND

Conveyancer.

Wishes to announce to his friends and those whom he desires to be his friends—i.e., the public in general—that he will open an office in the Fresno Loan and Savings Bank building January 1, 1898.

Bargains in real estate bought and sold strictly on a commission basis.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance written, and money to loan on approved security.

Agent National Surety Co. Court, Fidelity, Notarial and other suretyship bonds furnished at current rates.

A share of your patronage respectfully solicited.

WHEN YOU GO TO

SANGER

STOP AT THE

ROBERTSON STABLE

ST. GEORGE STABLES

SELMA, CAL.

The best of care and feed for tracient horses.

Greatest attention to regular boarders.

Good teams to let at reasonable rates.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS

Will find this the best place to engage teams for other points.

The Robertson Stable

SANGER, CAL.

Annual Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS OF THE BANK OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA, WHICH IS HELD AT THE OFFICE OF THE BANK, NO. 1726 MARKET STREET ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1898, AT 4 P.M. GUNNISON, Secretary.

Pawtucket Fur Company,
234 Main St., Pawtucket, R. I.
WANTS ALL KINDS OF

Row Furs, Skins, Ginseng, Seneo, &c.

Prices quoted for next days are as follows:

Silver Fox, \$15.00 to \$100.00; Bear, \$5.00 to \$120.00;

Otter, \$1.00 to \$90.00; Martin, \$2.00 to \$100.00;

Skunk, \$1.00 to \$15.00; Seal, \$1.00 to \$100.00;

Mink, \$1.00 to \$100.00; Gray Fox, \$1.00 to \$75.00; Rat, \$2.00 to \$25.00.

Prices list on all other furs and skins furnished on application. Full prices guaranteed, careful selection, courteous treatment, and immediate remittance on all consignments.

REMOVAL NOTICE

Colonel J. G. Anderson has removed

REAL ESTATE,

NOTARY PUBLIC

And PENSION OFFICE

To No. 908 J street, opposite Postoffice

FOR DOUGHS AND GOLDS,
974

The best family medicine.

Guaranteed by

Buker & Colson

Illustrations Virtuous.

All lovers of good music will have a treat in hearing Professors Chevrel and Gasparro, the supreme masters of violin and harp, at the Gambrinus Beer Hall every night, Mariposa street.

Arrested for Grand Larceny.

Deputy Constable Con Angel arrested

Lily Ward yesterday on a charge of

grand larceny. It is alleged that the

woman stole City Attorney Lewis H. Smith's wheel on the 31st inst. It will be remembered that the wheel was

found in the woman's possession. She

has been living with a man who claims

to be a native of the South Sea Islands

and the officers have ascertained that

the couple were not too honest.

To Err is Human.

But if you want a good guitar, banjo,

mandolin or violin at a low price, call at

C. H. Rieger.

Peninsular Steel Ranges, every one

guaranteed. Barrett-Hicks Co., agents.

The New Year and What It Brings.

CARDS

974

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THE OBSTINATE JUROR AS TOLD BY THE JUDGE

BY HERBERT D.
WARD

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY HERBERT D. WARD

"I, for one," said the young graduate sententiously, "think that the whole system is a relic of English law and custom, and the sooner we get rid of it the better for it."

He tapped his chair back against the floorboards and drew clouds enough of his fine wood to obscure the most trivial argument.

It was a party of four made up of a hydraulic engineer, a captain in the navy on a furlough, a graduate of Harvard going to study law in the fall, and an uncle of the young man, Judge Chambers, one of the justices of the superior court of Connecticut. The judge was the patriarch of the gang, the owner of the camp and caught more than all of the rest of the men together.

He took off his glasses, and as he wiped them he scrutinized his nephews with faint contempt.

The hydraulic engineer spoke quickly and systematically, like the parping of one of his own motors.

"I myself think that the jurymen is the most outraged free man I know of. While the criminal is receiving bouquets from silly women and feeding like a gamecock the poor jurymen is deprived of wholesome air, of decent food, of exercise and always of sleep until a verdict is agreed upon. I would like to know what sort of verdict a man is going to give who's whole routine of life is changed and who's coerced by the lack of food or sleep."

"We don't think of putting the officers of a court martial under guard or in iron until they bring in a verdict," the captain observed with the unconscious intimation of superiority into which the scoundrel always falls when in the hands of the multitude.

The judge took his cigar out of his mouth and the rest turned to him with deference. The young man started to say irreverently, "Oh, you're prepossessed," but his uncle held his peace. The judge was not a father, but when he opened his mouth his friends expected his well digested opinions, if in a hasty opinion.

"The jury system," he said judicially, "is an abomination practiced in England and in most of our states. We in Connecticut passed an act of legislation so that the foreman serves as the other officer of the court and goes from the jury room to his home as I do myself. To put a jurymen like a schoolboy, or horse to get the best results I have known of. That one case where a jury panned up assisted justice more than it could have done had it been free. But in this case Justice was served in a blind, haphazard way at a terrible cost. It happened in my own circuit 20 years ago—it was 25 years ago, and a similar case might not happen again in the century."

Rain had now set in. It was chilly on that May evening, and the fire and the tale to come tempted the company to draw their chairs in a closer circle around the chimney, for a leaf from the judge's ponderous volume of experiences that covered 35 years of fighting at the bar and rating on the bench was sure to add no further illustration to hold attention than his own genuine education.

The tale is paraphrased a little into continuity by one of its auditors and will not be given precisely in the fragmentary and conversational form of its original narrator.

Broadfields is one of the oldest and one of the liveliest villages in Connecticut. It consists of two streets, each about a mile long, intersecting each other at right angles. A double row of elms planted in King Charles' time guards each avenue. The town reminds one of old Hull, famous for its stately streets, its colonial homes and undisturbed peace.

On the 26th of May, 1872, Broadfields awoke out of an insensibility that had lasted for over 200 years. What politics, crops, war, marriage, debt or inheritance could not accomplish had now come to pass.

At 9 o'clock at night, or perhaps a little later, Mrs. Burns, the wife of the richest, the most crabbed and the most ferocious man in this ancient community, electrified her next door neighbors by a cry of "Murder!" Then Broadfields, lethargic as a stone hitching post, awoke to new and awful responsibilities.

The people of the town were all in bed, and Mrs. Burns would have been sad and she not stepped out to the barn, 100 yards or so back of the house, to look for her husband. He had taken his lantern and had gone out there alone about an hour before to do some simple chores, and his wife, actuated possibly by some subtle influence, felt that with which detected crime is able to draw a crowd out of the bowels of the earth, felt anxious about him for the first time in her life. When she found Mr. Burns dead in his own blood, she ran to the front gate and uttered into the blackness of the unlighted streets her memorable cry.

It took Broadfields no little time to awake to the consciousness of a crime of such high degree, but at last a group of leading citizens stood about the window in the anxious light of their swinging lanterns. These good people were as much perplexed about what to do as a white cat with litter of black crows. It finally occurred to the minister that Deacon Luke Bassett, who had forgotten the fact himself, was town constable, and that, as the sole representative of the law, it was his duty to see if Mr. Burns' story were true, and if so to apprehend the murderer.

By this time there was a throng of at least seven persons and these the deacon authoritatively ordered into the front parlor, as befit an extraordinary occasion. In the meanwhile the constable had impounded an impromptu coroner's jury consisting of the minister, the doctor and the storekeeper. Then, trembling, the good deacon led

saints.

"It can't be him," said the minister, with the easy disregard of grammar that comes from living among uneducated樵夫们.

"If he'd done it, he'd have run away. He's in my orchard now trimming trees. He's been there at work these last three days." He looked about him with benign triumph.

"Then I will go and get him," began the deacon constable.

"No," said the minister with gentle firmness; "I will go. It is a terrible blot on a man's character even to connect him with a crime like this. No one suspects him as yet."

The blacksmith seemed to be about the only person in the town undisturbed by the moral convulsion. He was a stalwart man, deliberate of action and cool of speech, a contrast to his fussy master. He was, moreover, a freeholder, the only one in the broad valley, and slightly feared as such as plausible rationalists are apt to be by ignorant believers. He was a disciple of Emerson, the philosophic drunkard of the community. It was whispered that even the minister did not cross swords with the only respectable man in town who belonged to no church. No one knew him the man of the forge to whom unprejudiced status as it fact. No one ever knew him to be tormented by the Devil.

"Good feed!" answered the minister devoutly. But the physician, who was growing gay in the narrow occupation of helping children into the world and the aged out of it, inspected the hairy patient opportunity. Indeed there was no possible room for two theories as to how Mr. Burns had met his death. He lay crossways in front of two stalls where the cows were kept, between the rolling door and the empty hay wagon. His head was gashed with three cleavers, any one of which ought to have produced instant death.

"It must have been a hatchet," said the doctor slowly. "The marks are clean right in front of him when he hit. See?" With an imperturbable which struck his other men as almost more than professional the doctor swung an imaginary weapon at the constable, and then, bending quickly, he pointed out a certain gash across the forehead of the corpse. This cut seemed to penetrate the brain. The man was if anything other than he. Mr. Burns could not have possibly been conscious after such a blow."

"But he was?" The men were startled by this abrupt interruption. A soft voice, precise and measured as a metronome, gave the irritating contradiction. Death always invests the chief mourner with an unassimilable dignity, or, at least, it used to do so before the modern ease for arranging the nearest relative in emblem of a clown. Still, slender, with head bent forward, a yellow skullcap against the black hair over it, and, for the moment, chattered of a little native or acquired shrewdness, the widow of the dead man completed instant revenge. Whether beaten senseless bowed instinctively before the embodiment of violent retribution.

The minister made a delicate motion as if to cover with his hand the woman's view. As he did so, his hand struck a hard object. He pulled it out. The men uttered exclamations of horror. Any woman might have fainted at the sight of the murderous weapon. But Mrs. Burns had New England nerves. She coolly watched the constable take the hatchet, inspect it gingerly, and then paid it over to the doctor. The edge of the hatchet corresponded to the length of the gash, and dismembered gray hair on the blade matched that of the victim. So far, the circumstances of the crime were as plain as the barn floor. One could almost see the fatal blows fall.

"I don't think there is anything more heroic to do," the constable spoke slowly. "We can safely leave the body where it is and lock the barn for the night. Bring the hatchet along, doctor, and if you have no objections, Mrs. Burns, I will spend the night here with my wife, and we will ask you a few questions before we go to bed."

The minister took the widow's arm with tenderness and led her into the kitchen. Mrs. Burns then rehearsed the facts quietly.

"It was about 9 o'clock—just an hour ago," she glanced at the moon faced clock. "Thomas went out about 8, to do some chores and took up as usual. I thought I heard a cry, and being easy I ran out. I found him when he is now. His eyes were open, and I heard him say distinctly 'Williams.' He tried to speak further, but he passed away without another word. That was all. I did not see or hear a trace of any living soul."

"Let us see," said the clergyman, with what he considered to be judicial gravity. "Who is there you connect with the name of Williams?"

"Only George," answered the widow easily. The men exchanged grave glances. "Thomas didn't get on well with folks, you know. I remember he came to words with George Williams because he put potatoes into a damp place in the cellar. That was in March, and George left on the spot, saying that he never would work for me again. I shouldn't think that was enough!"

"Any one else by that name out of the town?" interrupted the constable compassionately.

The widow shook her head after some deliberation. Then the deacon's wife came in and carried her friend away to the shocked and desolate house.

Everybody in Broadfields knew George Williams. He was a farmhand who had driven into the town a year or two before, when the crops were heavy. Of him there was little known, except that he was a good worker, but surely for his rights. He was evidently an Englishman, and he was as hard to deal with as most of the lower class of his countrymen who seek their fortunes in America. People had expressed no wonder when he failed to "latch horses" with old man Burns. The emancipated islander could ill brook authority as gruff as his own resentment. But there is a long step between surly and murder, and the old orthodoxy churchgoers were slow to suspect the Englishman.

"George! Why, everybody knows George Williams!"

Besides, the dying man might easily have wandered in his mind. The professional detective might not remember this, but common sense and common memory insist.

Presently he gasped quickly, but moved slowly. It was 8 next morning, after breakfast, when the impromptu jury met for the second time in the Burns mansion. The undertaker was already in impudent possession, while the premises resounded a miniature camp meeting. Teams were hitched here and there, and many people moved about haggardly, talking under breath. The distant clang of a blacksmith's hammer sounded impishly. It was as if he who wielded it had descended the

saints.

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He was a disciple of Emerson, the philosophic drunkard of the community. It was whispered that even the minister did not cross swords with the only respectable man in town who belonged to no church. No one knew him the man of the forge to whom unprejudiced status as it fact. No one ever knew him to be tormented by the Devil.

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The minister made a delicate motion as if to cover with his hand the woman's view. As he did so, his hand struck a hard object. He pulled it out. The men uttered exclamations of horror. Any woman might have fainted at the sight of the murderous weapon. But Mrs. Burns had New England nerves. She coolly watched the constable take the hatchet, inspect it gingerly, and then paid it over to the doctor. The edge of the hatchet corresponded to the length of the gash, and dismembered gray hair on the blade matched that of the victim. So far, the circumstances of the crime were as plain as the barn floor. One could almost see the fatal blows fall.

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SUNDOWN.

Done in the day of pure delight.
In silvered purple comes the night.

So sweet and short have been the hours
I rather long like summer's bower.

"Oh weary night!" I cried, "I go
and leave me and my life alone!"

But the gray clouds of the west
Greatly for their rapid rush,

And in the east a starry sheen
Was herald to the darker hour.

Now every joyous day is done,
And now lies in my brightest sun.

Nay, summer not! Beyond the hills
How many hops his own fulfill!

Some pale youth eastward tempest-tossed
To see his joy's dawn arise.

Some isolated, snowy studded and sweet,
Lived like her woodland bower to green.

Some strong one, thrilling for the fight,
Now springs to draw his sword and thine.

While I rejoiced, these waited long,
My right brings in their morning song.

Even, beyond the hills unseen,
Their day while plod around their bower.

Mary W. M. Frederic in Chambers' Journal.

FACING DEATH.

The strike at the foundry, starting from comparatively small grievances, had, thanks to the influence of a few of the leaders, reached a state where satisfactory settlement seemed impossible. The men had expected to be out a week or ten days at the most, but nearly two months had elapsed, and their position was almost desperate. Several deputations had waited on old Mr. Vice, the proprietor, but had been invariably referred back to the manager, with the understanding that he had full authority to deal with them.

The manager, Shotwell, a young man of intelligent sympathies, from the first had been willing, even eager, to discuss the men's grievances and help them to an understanding. But when he found that the leaders, to whom the men had intrusted their cause, not only were disposed to take advantage of his justice, but were seeking their own ends at the expense of the men, he suddenly changed his attitude and refused to listen to any proposals other than absolute surrender. He gave the three leaders to understand in the plainest language that under no consideration would he tolerate their presence in the shop again.

The result of this understanding and the contumacious way in which the manager had expressed his opinion of the leaders and their scheme ruined these men from within, spite to betray. They could not keep the men out or get back themselves unless—well, unless Shotwell changed his mind, and they knew him too well to hope for that.

Shotwell's obstinacy had surprised even old Mr. Vice, who had known him from boyhood—known him so well, in fact, that he had sanctioned the young man's engagement to Dorothy, his daughter. It was possible the thought of a future partnership that made him so determined to stand to his gun now and show the old man and his sweetheart that he was capable of holding the reins.

Even Dorothy's lover hardly understood her. She had strange ideas of "soul communion" that made the matter of fast young man gape, and she had an uncanny liking of demonstrating the proof of her belief by reading his unspoken thoughts with an accuracy that to a less healthy, whole-grown young fellow might have been embarrassing. But within she was so womanly and tender and her lashes so pretty that gradually he grew used to them and found himself often lingering over them and almost wishing they could be true.

To one of these fancies he had readily yielded. Each evening had sat wherever they might be in silence for a little time and let their thoughts go out freely to each other; "soot tales" Dorothy called them, and, whatever they were, the result was that his love for the girl grew more tender and he knew that in some subtle manner he was coming to understand her better and better each day. These times had been incomparably dear to him of late. They were his moments of absolute rest from the worry of the strife, and he always felt his brain refreshed and afterward was better able to cope with his growing difficulties.

The pause of the strike was growing wearier, and night after night Shotwell had slept at the office, fearing some kind of attack on the premises. By the end of the week worry and lack of sleep had told heavily upon him, and he sat smoking in the mysterious shadows of the early evening, so determined that this must be his last night alone; he would get a watchman to aid him. His thoughts grew vague and mixed. His pipe fell to the floor and made him jump, then his eyes closed for a moment, opened sleepily, drooped again, and he was fast asleep.

With a start and a fearful sense of oppression he awoke, struggling wildly in his chair; tried to cry out, and realized that he was fast down. A clutch was wound tightly over his mouth, while the room was filled with a sickly odor of chloroform. He heard a snorting laugh behind his chair and, "Well, you took a party good nap that time, didn't you?" There was an awfully growl from another throat, and the two men came round in front, both muffled in heavy coats and pieces of cloth covering the upper half of their faces. One of them carried a small black box somewhat glistening to the desk and set it down in front of Shotwell. He turned a little brass key in it, and hidden machinery began to tick-tack, tick-tack, like a clock. He twisted the box around, and Shotwell saw a small dial, with the hands pointed to 9:30 o'clock. One of the men attacked one end of a string to a lever on the box and with the greatest precision tied the other end to Arthur's left wrist, then fixed another string to the same lever and to the other wrist.

"Now, see here, Mr. Shotwell, you've got just 16 minutes and then that thing goes off, and God have mercy on your soul. If you should want the thing to go quicker, just strangle hard, and if you manage to pull either of them strings, well, I guess it'll oblige you."

"Now, Bill, we've got no time to waste. Here's the keys; you go for the safe, and I'll fix the desk."

Inside of 15 minutes Shotwell's guests had gone, leaving little trace of their visit except a faint odor of chloroform and that strange looking black box, with its mysterious tick-tack, tick-

The whole thing had happened so suddenly and his brain was so heavy with the drug that the man wore gone before he fully realized the horror of his position. As it dawned on him he could not believe it was true; it was some terrible nightmare. He strove to shake himself, but the tightening of the strings on his wrists and a hard jerk brought him back to his senses with a chill of horror. He glared terror-stricken at the little clock that was ticking off the moments of his life—second each time. A few minutes and then he broke out into a cold sweat; an unnameable fear of this unknown, cruel thing crept over him, and for awhile he sat, shuddered in abject terror; then slowly the soul of the man steeled itself. He closed his eyes to pray, and the word that came was "Dorothy." With a fierce muted effort he pulled together his shaken faculties for her sake. For her he would die a man. Perhaps she would know he had been no coward.

Tick-tack, tick-tack, 20 minutes past. 10. Ah, it was time to sit and talk to "Dorothy." Well, he would do it well. And so sat on, his face drawn and ghastly, but his courage firm—sat and talked a long gossip to the girl he loved; thought strong, ready thoughts of her that kept fire from his heart. But while his utmost self talked with Dorothy his flesh grew gray and pinched, the tiny silences broken only by the steady ticking of his clock of doom.

Dorothy that night sat reading, then later fell to wondering of Arthur alone in that great building and at the thought of his loneliness all her heart went out to him and perhaps some of her soul, for her body fell asleep. Then she awoke with a start—a start of perplexity and fear; fear for Arthur. What was it? She passed her hand over her forehead, bewildered. What was it—why could she not remember? Then the ticking of the clock in the mantel caught her ear—caught it strangely, and she listened, breathless, trembling. Tick-tack, tick-tack! What did it mean? Then slowly and softly a solemn voice fell on her inner ear: "Goodby, Dorothy! Goodby, darling!"

"Ah!" She rose to her full height; was rigid there for an instant; then quietly: "Yes, I know, I understand." She walked quickly to her father's room, took his keys and, taking her hat and coat, slipped unseen out into the night.

Tick-tack, tick-tack—eight minutes more.

"Eight minutes—eight years. God! Can I wait? One brave spring now would end the torture, and—No, no, for Dorothy's sake, for the honor of love, I'll live my life out to the last bitter second." Shotwell closed his eyes and said, "Dorothy!—here, with that thing—O God! This was worse than all. But her quick hands touched him, deftly untying the hamper that gagged him, then delicately slipping those fearful strings from his wrists.

"How long, Arthur?" she whispered. He glanced desperately at the clock.

"Two minutes. Don't stop to untie me. Water, quick! There's a bucket. Fill it at the tap. It's our only chance."

She comprehended instantly. Oh, how slow the water ran! She walked swiftly to the desk, took the box in her hands and carried it, tickling, to the bucket, placed it in and held it, trembling, as the water swallowed it, until there was little rasping jaw in the tickling. Shotwell drew one deep, long breath as he stooped over the girl and waited for what never came. One, two, three minutes passed. Then, with a breath of half-faint relief, he looked down at Dorothy. She was fast asleep, nestled in his arms breathing peacefully.

He was not afraid, hardly awed. It was not real. Dying men's eyes are sometimes strangely clear. He noticed the hat, the coat, the face drawn with painful anguish. Souls did not look like that. It was Dorothy herself. A moment of wild joy was swallowed up in a still greater horror—"Dorothy!"—here, with that thing—O God! This was worse than all. But her quick hands touched him, deftly untangling the hamper that gagged him, then delicately slipping those fearful strings from his wrists.

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